

MODERN

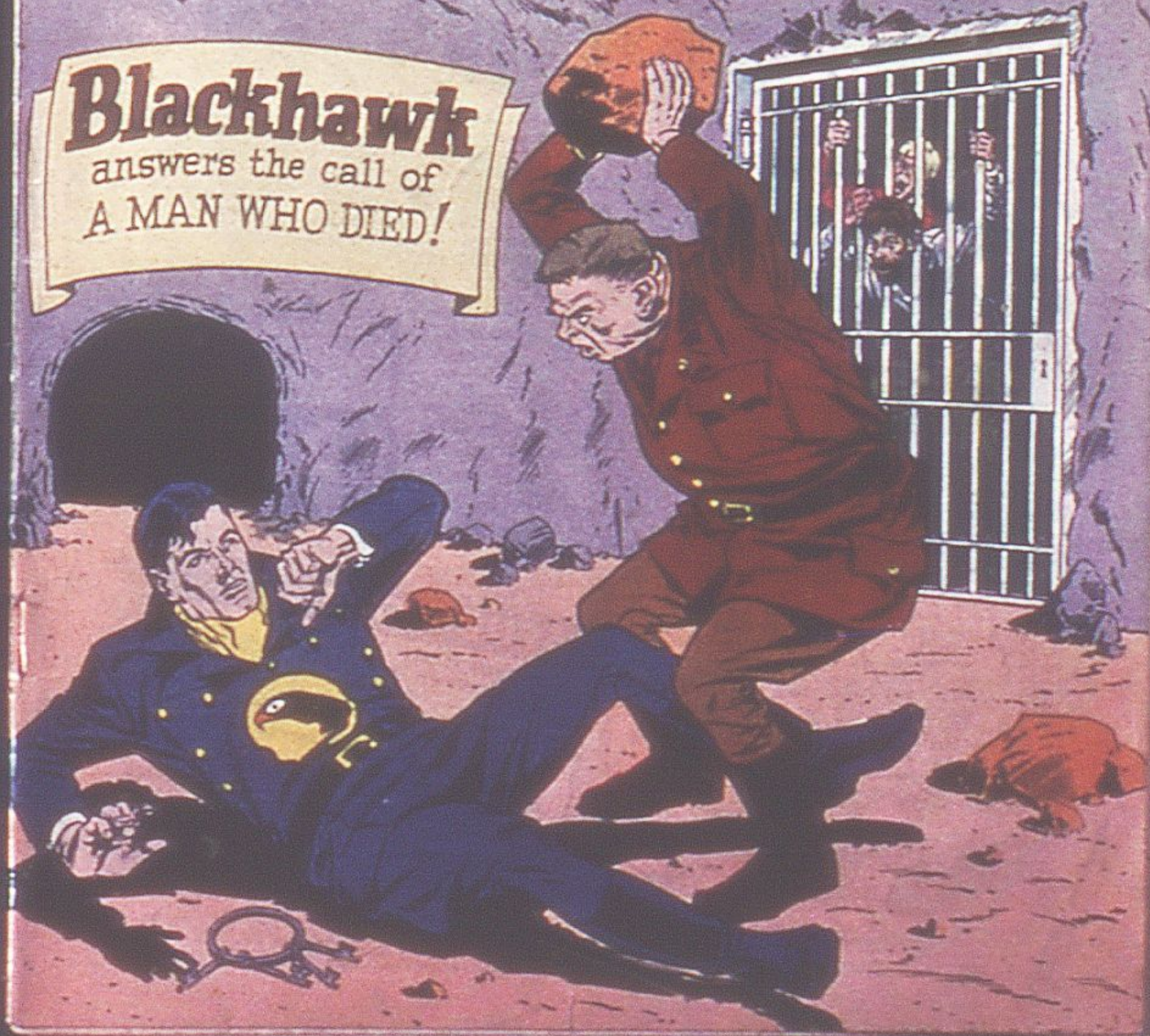
COMICS

10¢

APRIL
No. 84

Blackhawk

answers the call of
A MAN WHO DIED!



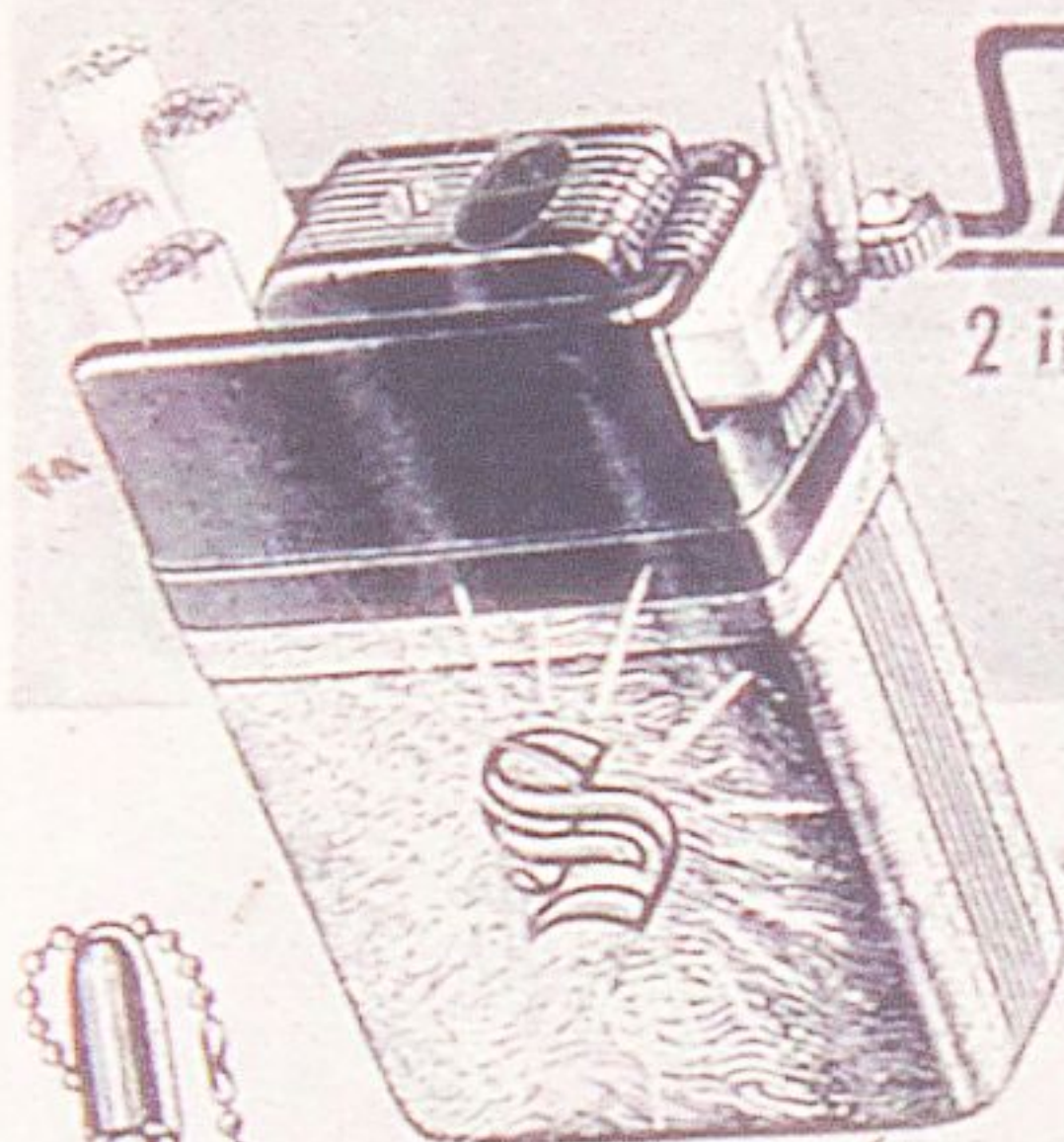


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Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And—as no extra cost—your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that GLOWS IN THE DARK.

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this pen is yours!
WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN

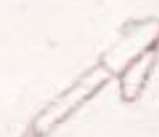
Small enough to fit coin purse or vest pocket...big enough to write for months without a refill. Handy chain for keys.



SURE-FIRE
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LIGHTER



CIGARETTE CASE
WITH GLOW-IN-
THE-DARK INITIAL



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& BALL POINT PEN

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SEND NO MONEY

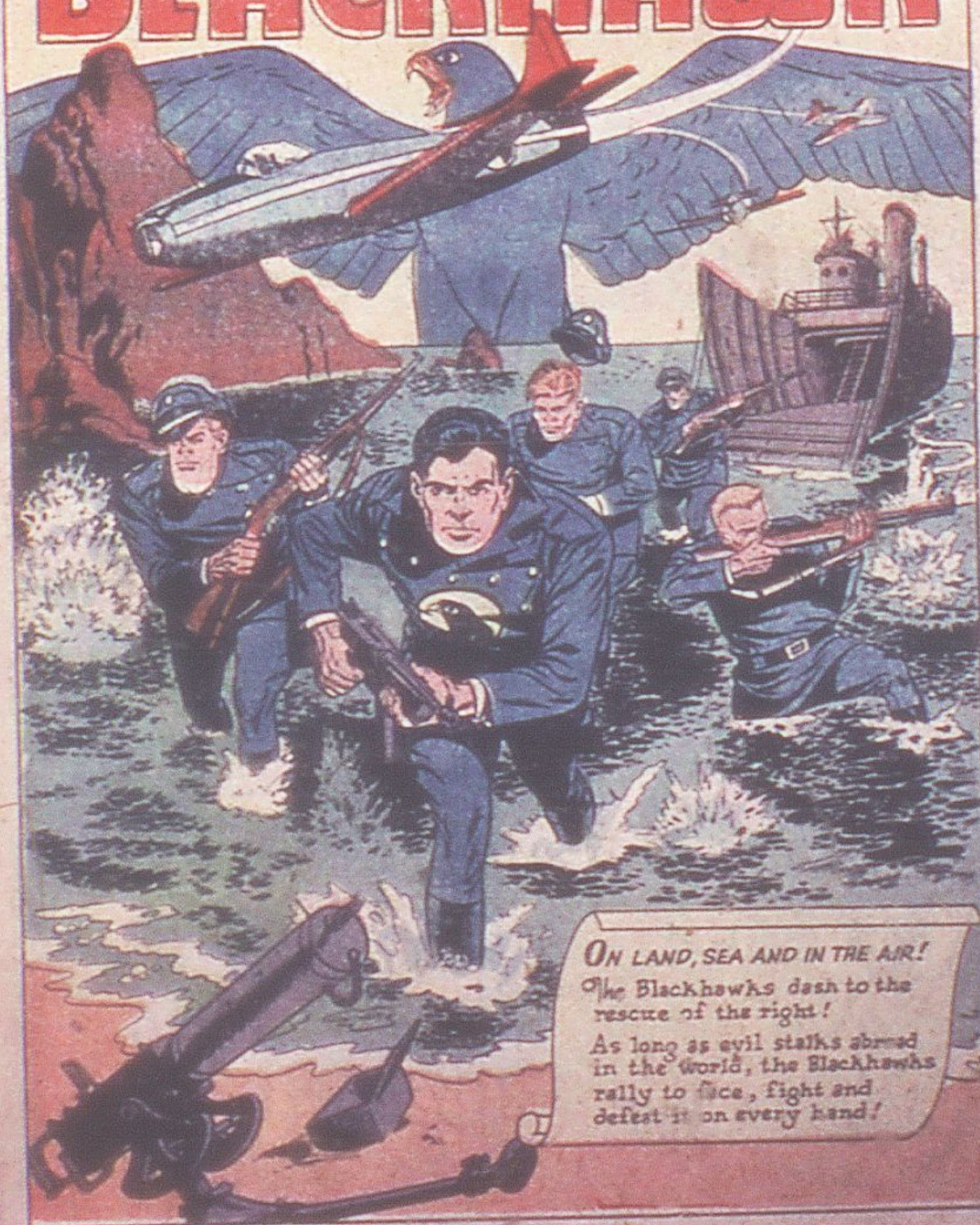
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Please rush _____ lighter cigarette case combination
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.
My initial is _____ payment in full. Ship

☐ I enclose \$ _____
☐ Ship COD—I will pay charges plus postage.

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BLACKHAWK



ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR!

The Blackhawks dash to the rescue of the right!

As long as evil stalks abroad in the world, the Blackhawks rally to face, fight and defeat it on every hand!

Borovar... once a FREE CITY... until a certain power staged a dishonest election and took charge!

OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU SWINE! WE'RE THE NEW MILITARY POLICE!

THE MAYOR OF BOROVAR... THE MAN WHO OPPOSED OUR ENTRY... IS IN HIS OFFICE YONDER! SEIZE HIM!

Meanwhile...

I, JON YANDRO, DEPOSED MAYOR OF BOROVAR, AM ABOUT TO DIE! BUT I WRITE THIS MESSAGE TO THE WORLD THAT IS STILL FREE!

They called it a free election, but bribery, forgery and violence were the weapons that won their victory.

THEY WILL NOT DARE LET ME, THEIR ENEMY, LIVE AND EXPOSE THEM! ALREADY I HEAR THE TRAMP OF HEAVY BOOTS OUTSIDE...

YET I WILL NOT SUBMIT TO DEATH AT THE HANDS OF SUCH MURDERERS! IF I MUST DIE, I SHALL DO IT IN MY OWN WAY!

Let my action be heard throughout the world. Take warning against the advance of oppression! Fight and destroy it!

Jon Yandro

BANG!

A SHOT, SIR!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED! BREAK IT DOWN!

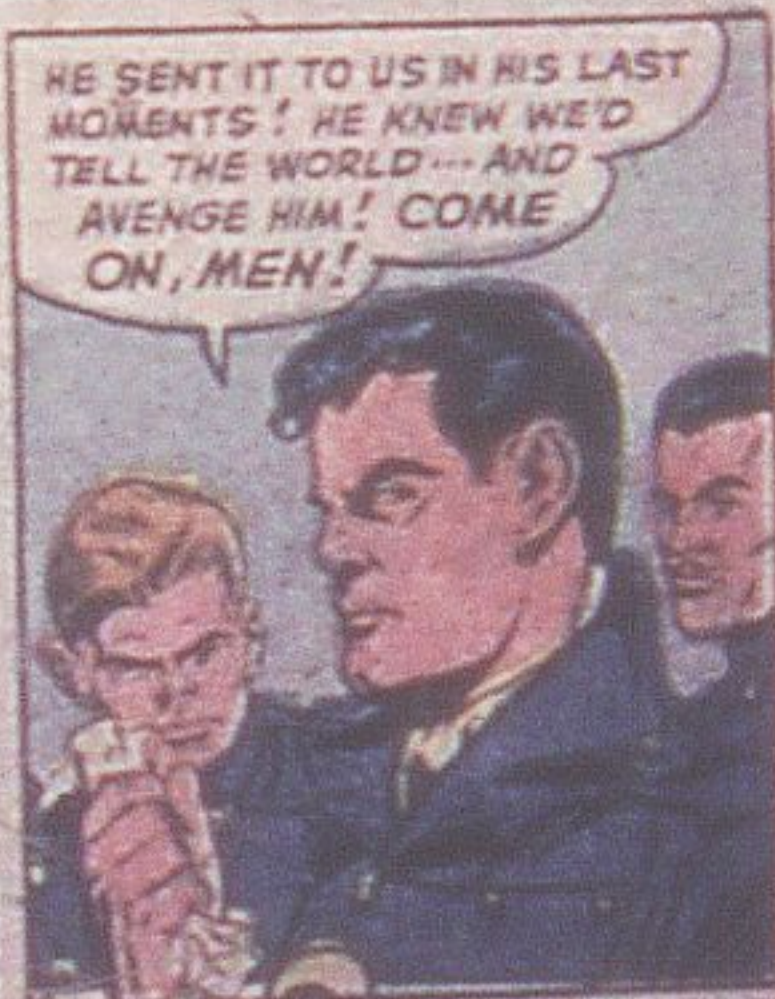


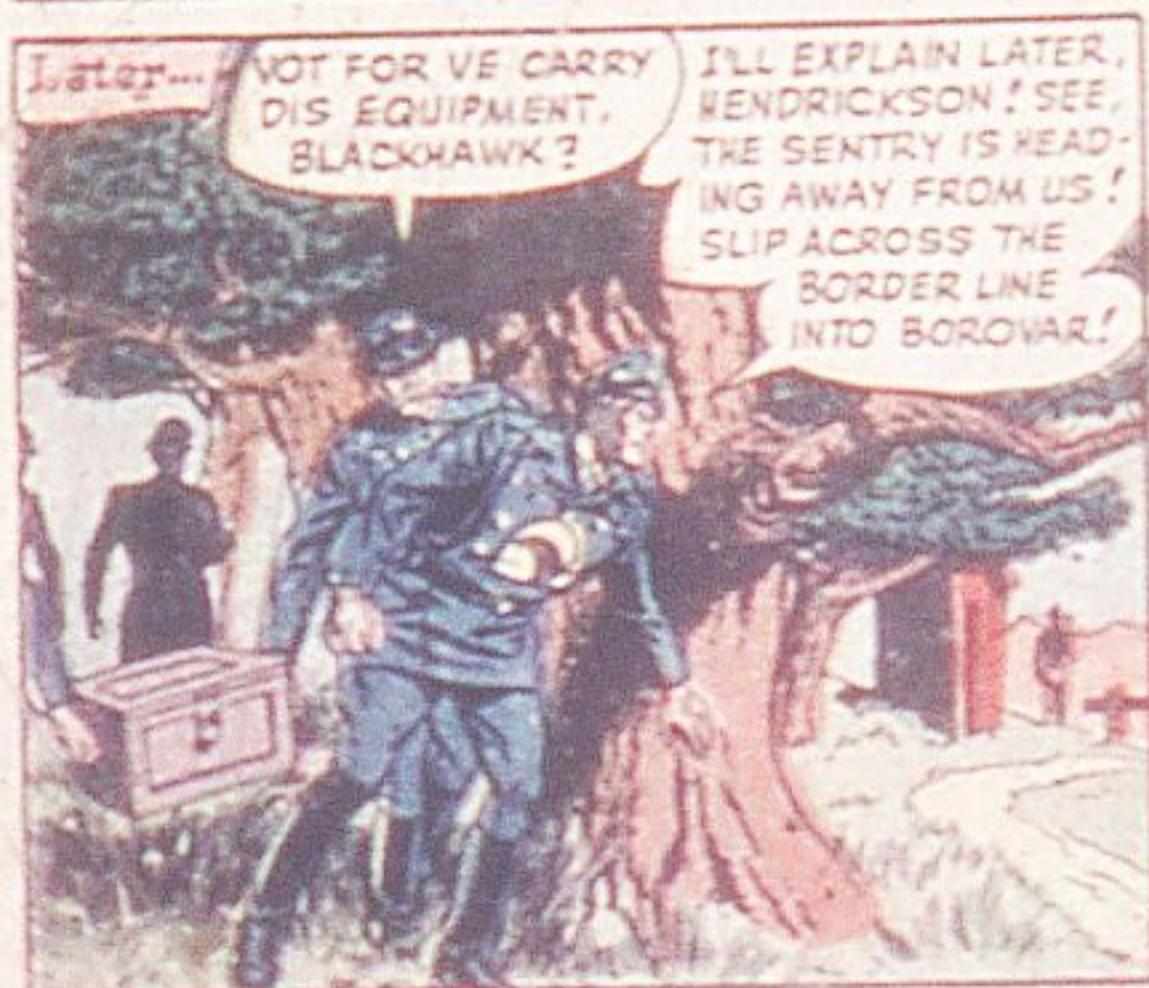
But the searchers fail to find the last written words of Jon Yandro! And this is why...



Hours later, on Blackhawk Island...

LOOKEE SEE, OLAF! CARRIER PIGEON FLY HOME TO US!







I HOPE YOUR RADIO APPEAL IS CONVINCING, COMMISSIONER BRUGER!

IT WILL BE, MY DEAR MARSHAL! WE ARE ABOUT TO GO ON THE AIR! LISTEN!

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BOROVAR, AND FRIENDS ALL OVER THE WORLD... WE OF BOROVAR'S GOVERNMENT BRING SAD NEWS OF A BELOVED COMRADE'S DEATH!



JOIN WITH US IN MOURNING ONE WHO WOULD HAVE HELPED MAKE THE NEW REGIME A SUCCESS... JON YANDRO, WHOSE TRAGIC DEATH REMOVES FROM AMONG US A FRIEND AND ALLY!

HEAR WHAT HE SAYS! PERHAPS THE RUMORS WERE WRONG... THAT YANDRO HATED THIS NEW GOVERNMENT? IF SO, MAYBE...



BRUGER CERTAINLY SPREADS IT ON THICK! HE'LL CONVINCE THOSE HALF-BRAINED FOOLS WE'RE GOING TO GOVERN...

BUT BEFORE HE DIED, YANDRO ASSURED US OF HIS FAITH AND TRUST... BRANDED THOSE WHO CALL US USURPERS AS LIARS AND TRAITORS!



INTERFERENCE! SABOTAGE! WHO...

PEOPLE OF BOROVAR... OF THE WORLD! YOU HAVE BEEN HEARING LIES! JON YANDRO KILLED HIMSELF IN PROTEST AGAINST THE ROTTEN RATS WHO HAVE SEIZED THIS ONCE-FREE PORT!

A NEW VOICE! SOME ENEMY CUTTING IN ON OUR WAVE LENGTH!



BUT BEFORE HE DIED HE WROTE THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DISHONEST SEIZURE OF POWER! THE WORLD WILL RECEIVE THIS TRUTH! AND THOSE WHO DROVE JON YANDRO TO DEATH WILL THEMSELVES DIE!

LISTEN! THIS CASTS A NEW LIGHT ON THE MATTER!



Throughout the city, radios carry the mysterious voice of accusation...

...REJECT THESE LIARS AND KILLERS! FREEDOM FOREVER! DOWN WITH OPPRESSION!

QUICK, INSIDE! SHUT OFF THAT RADIO! THIS IS DISASTER!



THAT CUT-IN BROADCAST'S FINALLY OVER! BUT NOW TROUBLE WILL BEGIN!

ORDER WHOLESALE ARRESTS AT ONCE! A THOUSAND, AT RANDOM OF THOSE WHO HEARD THE BROADCAST! LIKEWISE, ALL STRANGERS!



Soon...

WHAT BIG IDEA? WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING?

I WON'T ARGUE! ARRESTS MUST BE MADE! I AM NOT PARTICULAR!



NOT ABOUT OUR CART AND MULE? WHO WILL LOOK AFTER THEM?

LET THEM LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES! MULES AREN'T INCLUDED IN OUR ARREST ORDER!



IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO LIE HERE, SAFELY HIDDEN, BLACKHAWK, WHEN THOSE TIN SOLDIERS TOOK THE OTHERS!

BY STICKING WITH THE RADIO WE CAN SAVE OUR FRIENDS, CHUCK... BUT LISTEN!



COME ALONG, TRAITOR! YOU WERE LISTENING TO THE ENEMY BROADCAST... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

SO THAT'S IT! THEN THE BROADCAST SPOKE THE TRUTH... BOROVAR IS IN THE HANDS OF TYRANTS!



HEAVEN'S CURSE ON THE CRUEL DOGS! MY HUSBAND HAS DONE NO HARM...HE DOES NOT DESERVE TO BE LOCKED UP!

SHELTER US, MADAME, AND PERHAPS WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO FREE HIM!

YES, ENTER, IF YOU NEED SHELTER! BUT THAT UNIFORM... I RECOGNIZE IT... YOU MUST BE...

PLEASE SPEAK THE NAME SOFTLY! OUR VISIT IS STILL A SECRET, THOUGH THE TRUTH WILL SOON BE KNOWN!



YOU ARE **BLACKHAWK!** FIGHTER FOR THE OPPRESSED! NOW THERE IS HOPE FOR BOROVAR!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST! WILL YOU RISK YOUR SAFETY AND LET US SET UP OUR RADIO HERE?

OUR FIRST BROADCAST WAS FROM THE CART OUTSIDE! BUT WE NEED A MORE STABLE HEADQUARTERS! OF COURSE, IF WE ARE FOUND HERE WITH YOU...

IF SO, I'LL TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES! MY HUSBAND IS A TRUE MAN AND I AM WORTHY OF HIM! I'LL HELP BRING IN YOUR EQUIPMENT!



GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS SPEAKING! WHOLESALE ARRESTS HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO DISCOVER THE PEOPLE WHO STAGED THE LYING AND TREASONABLE BROADCAST!

PRESS THE BUTTON, CHUCK! DROWN THEM OUT, THEN LET ME TAKE OVER!

THE INTERFERENCE AGAIN!

ANOTHER OF THOSE MADDENING MESSAGES!

SSZZZZ! KAAAAH!

WAKE UP, LOVERS OF LIBERTY! THE ARRESTS JUST MENTIONED ARE GOOD EVIDENCE OF THE TYRANNY YOU ARE TO EXPERIENCE!





THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF MARSHAL SKENDOR WONDERS WHO WE ARE! I'LL INFORM HIM... WE ARE THE BLACKHAWKS! HAWKA-A-A!

BLACKHAWKS! THOSE CURSED MEDDLERS!



ON LAND AND OVER SEA, WE FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE... WE'RE BLACK-HAWKS!

SHUT IT OFF, BRUGER! HERE COME SOME PRISONERS UNDER GUARD!



MARSHAL SKENDOR, WHEN WE PULLED OFF THEIR CLUMSY DISGUISES WE FOUND THESE MEN IN THIS BLUE UNIFORM...

BLACKHAWKS, EH? SPEAK UP, YOU IN FRONT THERE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



MY NAME IS STANISLAUS! THESE ARE MY FRIENDS! OLAF... HENDRICKSON... ANDRE... CHOP CHOP!

YOU GRIN, YOU INSOLENT FOOLS! DON'T YOU REALIZE YOUR OWN DANGER?



HEAR THAT, MEN? HE SAYS WE'RE IN DANGER!

MEIN HIMMEL, VOT A LAUGH! HE FORGETS, NEIN?



YA... FORGETS THAT BLACKHAWK HIMSELF STILL BAN FREE!

LIKEWISE CHUCK!

PLETTY SOON WE GET OUT, TOO, THEN—GOOD-BYE, BAD MENS!

MODERN COMICS

LAUGH, YOU SCUM! BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU...

LET'S SEE IF THAT BROADCASTER HAS SHUT UP YET!

THE MOST FOOLISH ACT OF THE TYRANTS SO FAR IS THEIR ARREST OF SOME OF THE BLACKHAWKS! NO PRISON WILL HOLD THEM! THEY'LL DESTROY THE GOVERNMENT FROM WITHIN THEIR CELLS!

LOCK THOSE SWINE UP IN THE NEXT ROOM! PLACE A DOUBLE GUARD OVER THEM! I'LL ATTEND TO THEM WHEN I THINK OF A PUNISHMENT SEVERE ENOUGH!

THIS IS BIZARRE, MARSHAL SKENDOR! IRREGULAR! FRIGHTENING!



GET OUT, YOU TWO! LET ME THINK THIS OVER ALONE!

COME ON, DR. MERKO! NO REASONING WITH HIM WHEN HE'S IN THAT MOOD!

NOW, LET'S SEE... I'M ALL ALONE, I CAN THINK CLEARLY...

ALONE, MY DEAR MARSHAL? NOT QUITE! I'M COMING THROUGH YOUR WINDOW!



HOW DID YOU REACH THAT WINDOW? MY GUARDS ARE ALL AROUND THIS BUILDING!

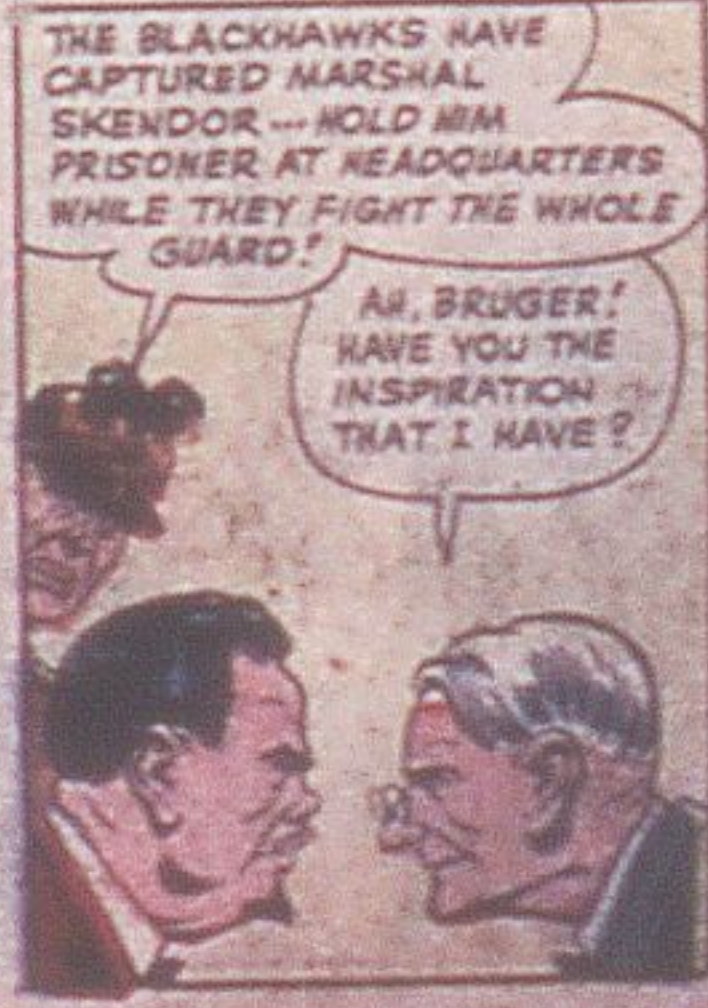
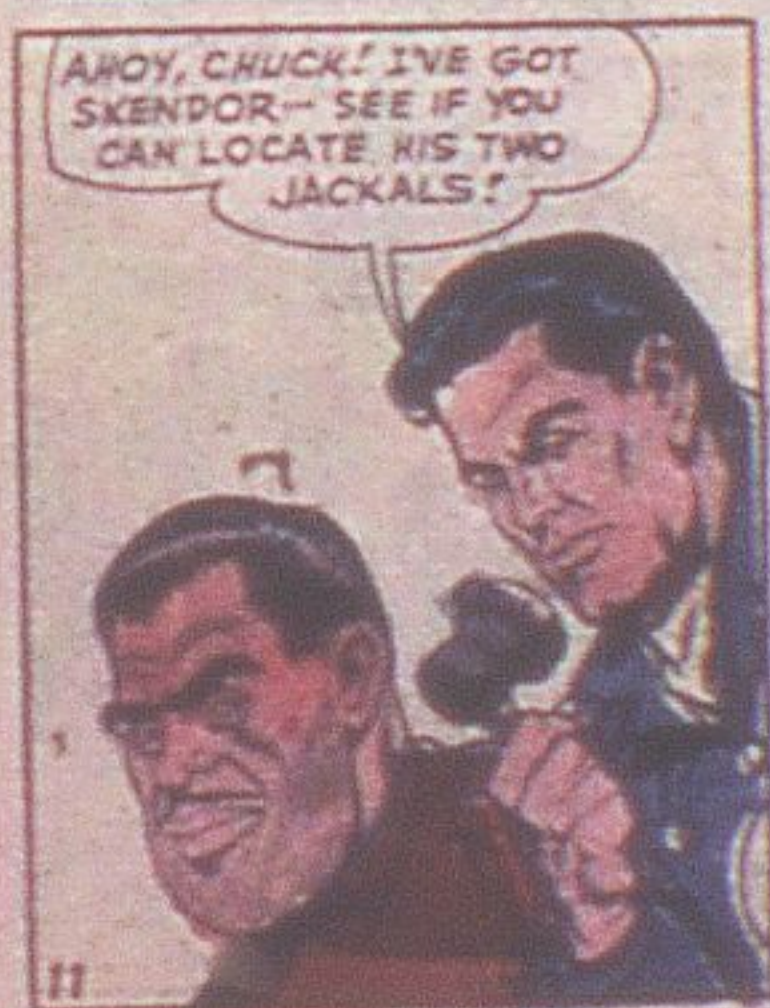
AT GROUND LEVEL, YES! I CAME FROM THE NEXT ROOF AND CLIMBED DOWN FROM ABOVE!

AS A ROVING REPORTER, I MADE MY LAST BROADCAST FROM JUST OUTSIDE! I SAW AND HEARD EVERYTHING! YOU'RE DOOMED, SKENDOR!

HAVE A CARE! ONE YELL, AND MY MEN WILL RUSH IN AND FINISH YOU!







YOU MUST REFER TO WHAT ONLY WE AND THE MARSHAL KNOW... THAT THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING IS PREPARED FOR EXPLOSION FROM A SAFE POINT OUTSIDE!

YES, BRUGER MY FRIEND! AND IF WE SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVES—

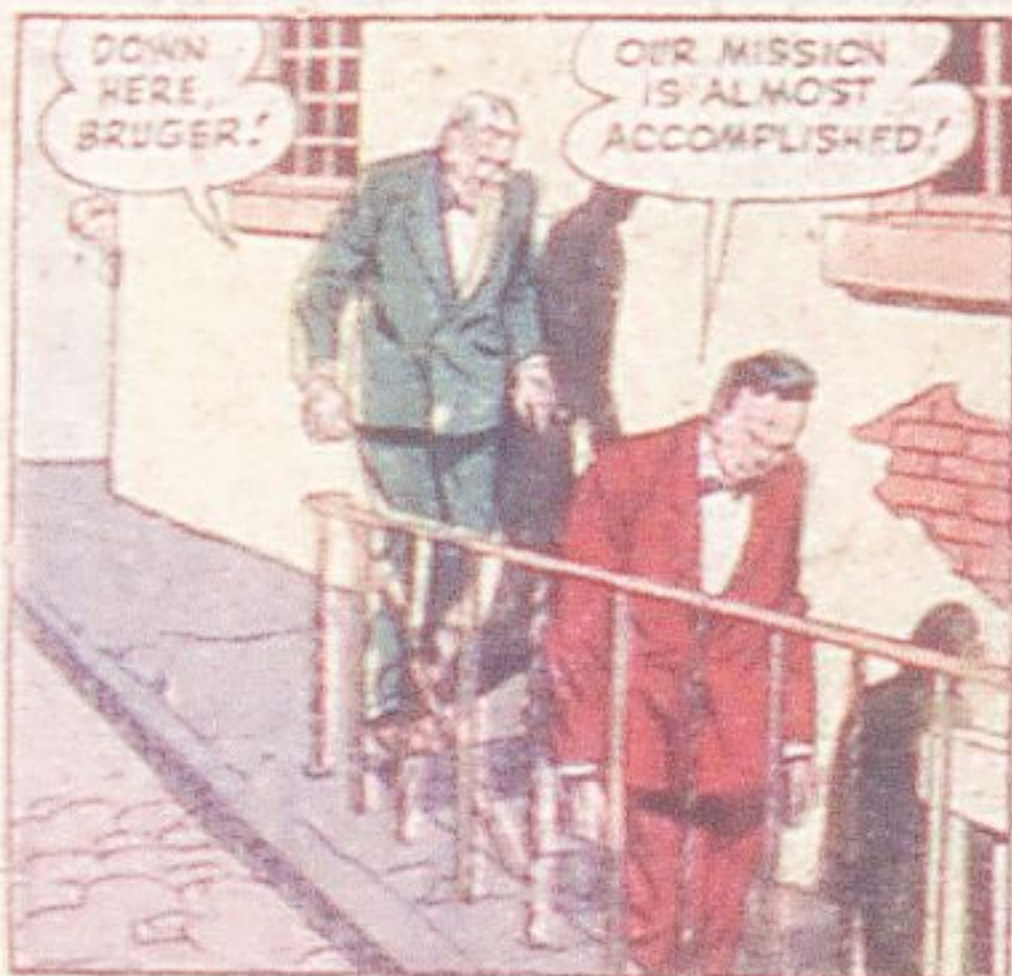
EXACTLY! WE WOULD REPORT TO OUR GREAT CHIEF THAT SKENDOR HAD TO BE LIQUIDATED TO SAVE OUR POSITION HERE! THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE DESTROYED... AND YOU AND I WILL RULE!

LOOK, THERE THEY ARE! COMMISSIONER BRUGER AND DR. MERKO!

Meanwhile, the fight at headquarters...

ONE MORE GUARD GONE! THE AIR IS CLEARER INSIDE HERE ALREADY!

HAWKAAA!



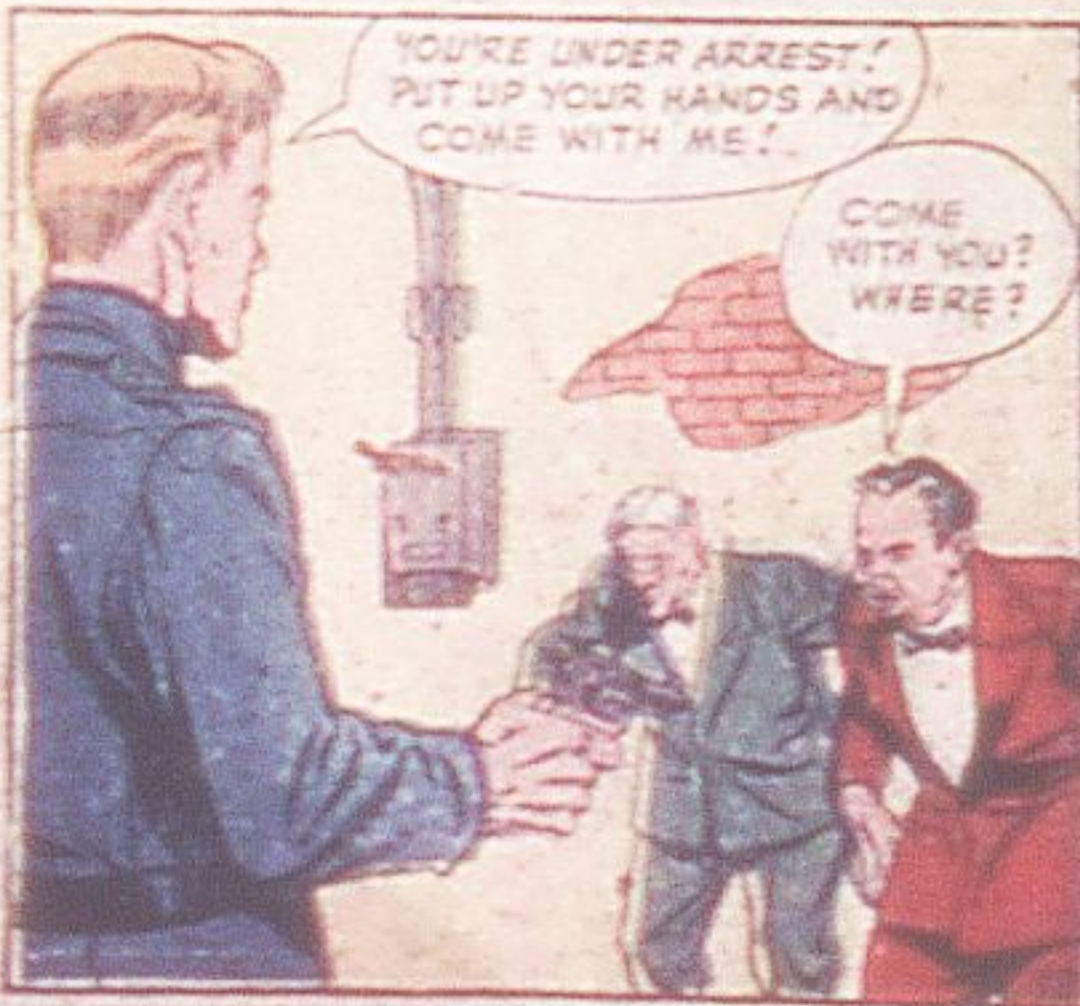
DOWN HERE, BRUGER!

OUR MISSION IS ALMOST ACCOMPLISHED!



THIS SWITCH—CLOSE IT AND BOTH SKENDOR AND THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS! SIMPLE, EN?

TOO SIMPLE, MY FRIENDS! DON'T TOUCH IT, OR I'LL FIRE!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND COME WITH ME!

COME WITH YOU? WHERE?



TO THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING TO SEE THE END OF A LITTLE SCRAP!

WE'LL BE KILLED IN THE SHOOTING!



UNFORTUNATELY... NOT SO SOON! THE FIGHT'S ALMOST OVER NOW!



IF YOU DON'T LIKE BOROVAR, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

I DON'T DARE! THEY'D HAVE ME SHOT FOR FAILING AT THIS JOB!



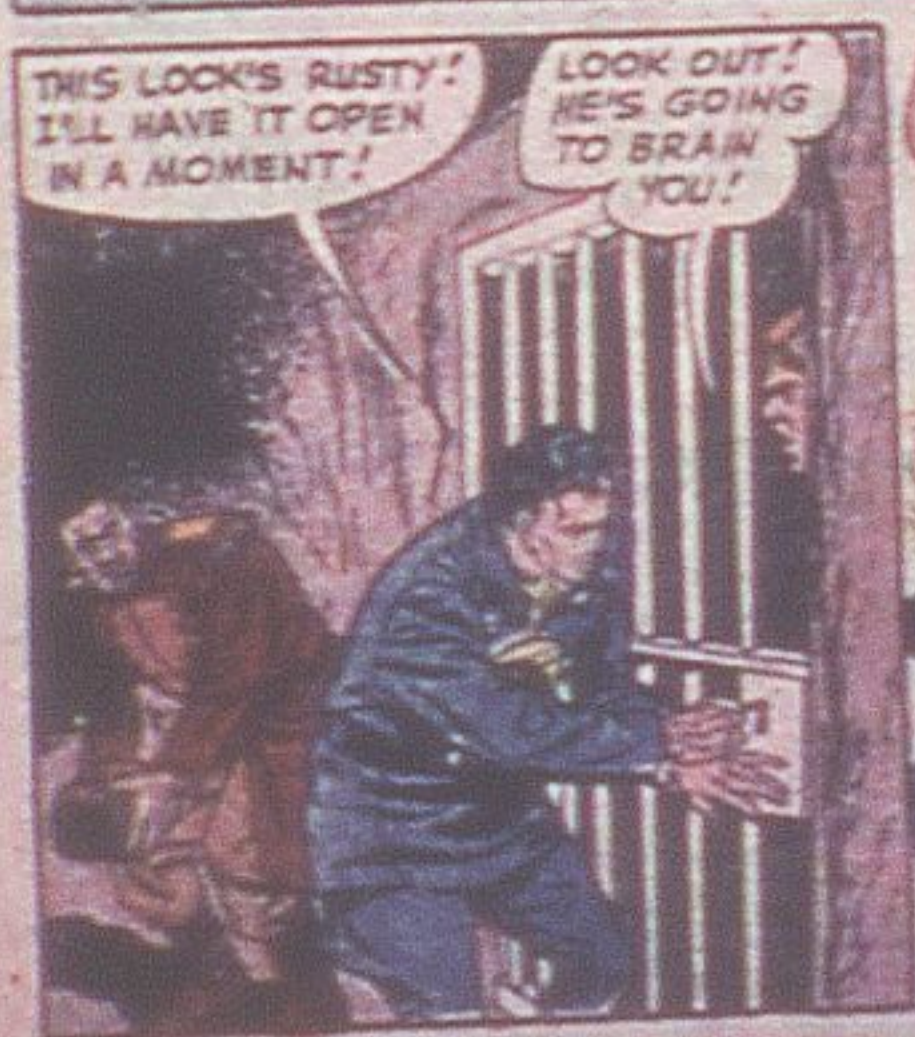
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! WE SURRENDER!

JUST DON'T GET CHOP CHOP EXCITED... HIS TRIGGER FINGER MIGHT TREMBLE! COME ON, SKENDOR! WE'RE VISITING THE DUNGEON!



YOU ORDER ME TO LET THEM LOOSE! NO! THEY'D TEAR ME TO PIECES!

THEN I'LL OPEN THE DOOR FOR THEM!

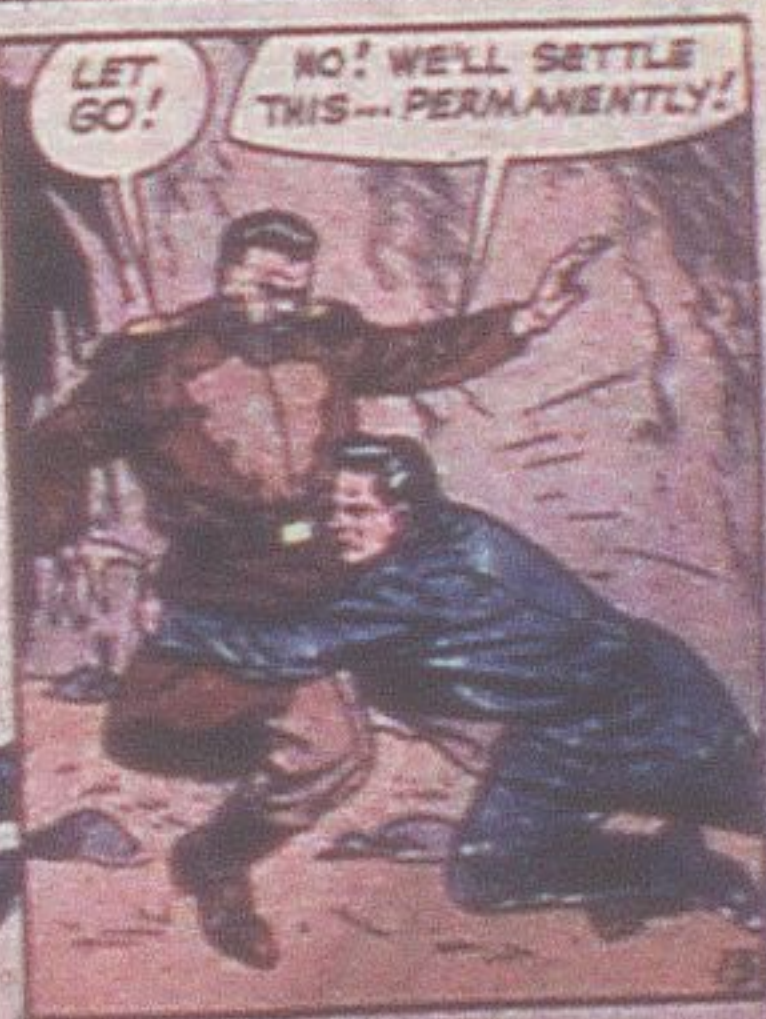


THIS LOCK'S RUSTY! I'LL HAVE IT OPEN IN A MOMENT!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO BRAIN YOU!



AHA! NOW WHO'S THE BEST MAN... SKENDOR OR BLACKHAWK?



LET GO!

NO! WE'LL SETTLE THIS... PERMANENTLY!



Torchy

IMAGINE...
CHASING AFTER
MEN THAT WAY!
IT'S REVOLTING!



EXCUSE ME, MISS! I'M
FROM THE... GULP!



IS SOMETHING THE
MATTER? YOU LOOK
SO PALE! COME IN
AND SIT DOWN!

THANKS! IT'S JUST
THAT ONE DOESN'T
USUALLY SEE GALS
LIKE YOU IN MY
WORK!

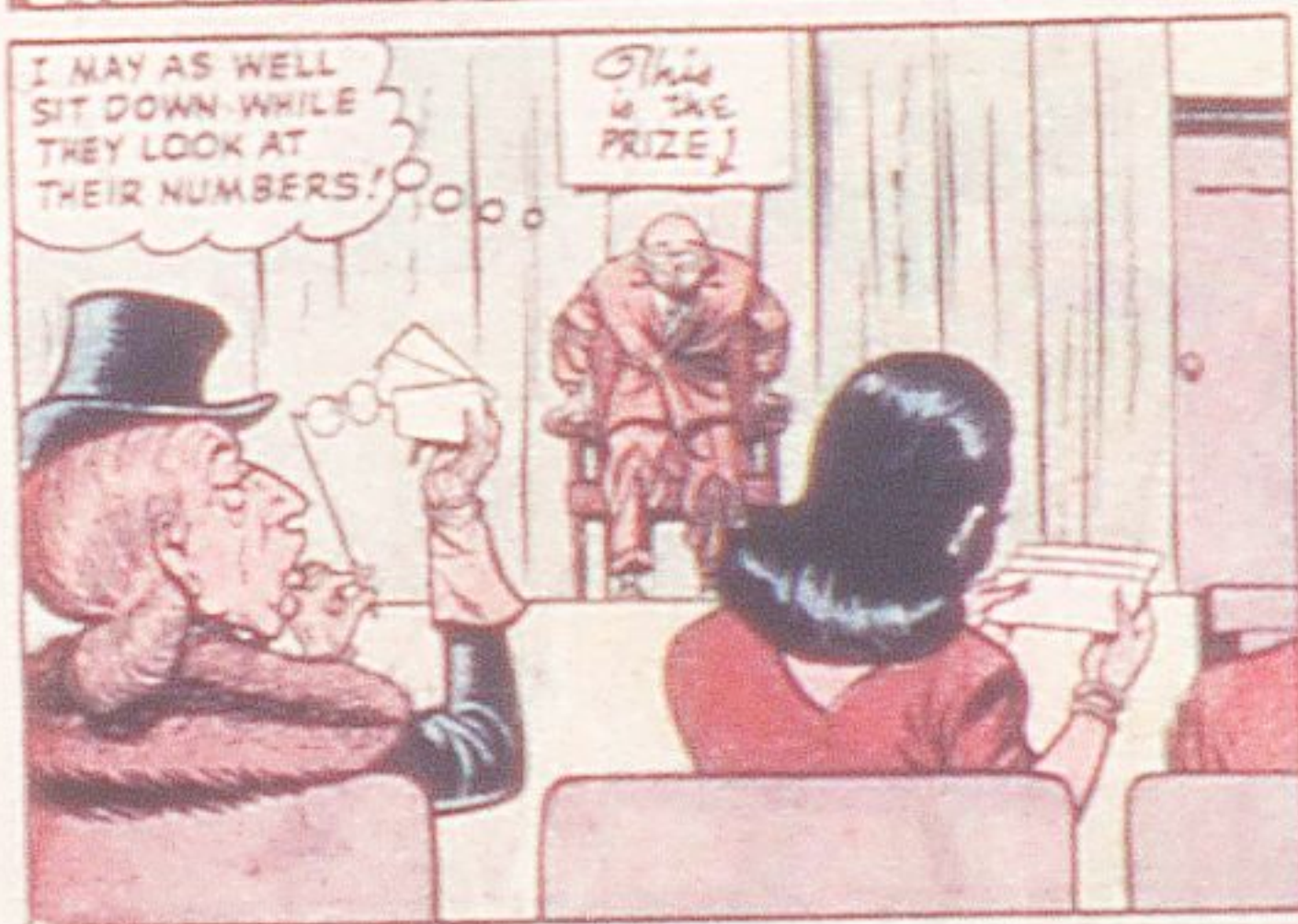
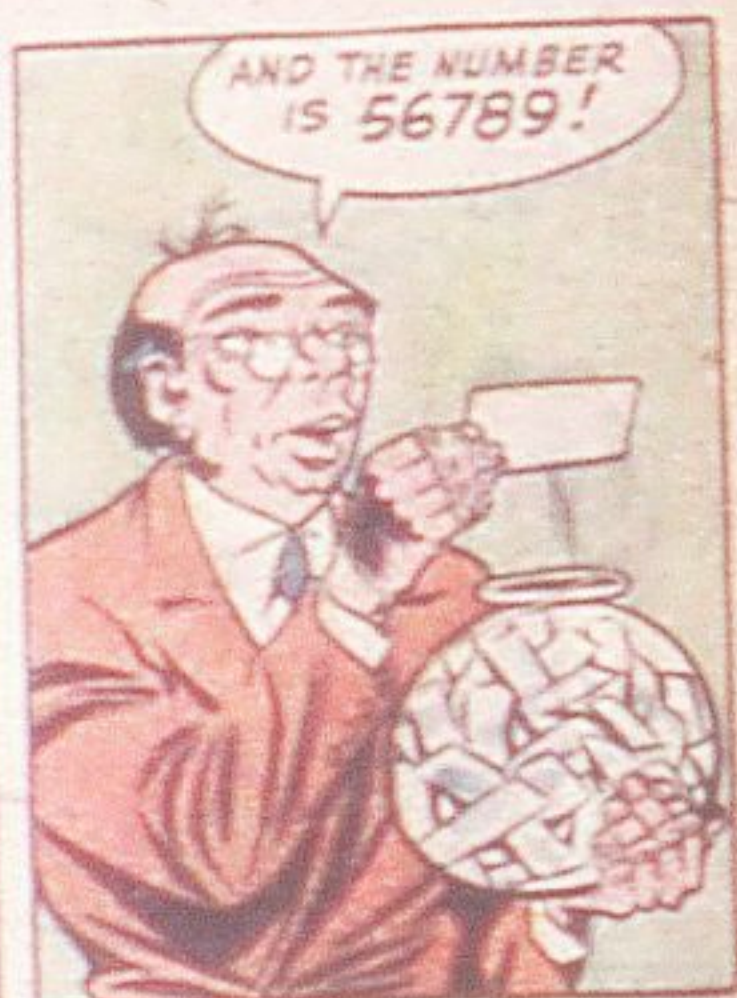




BUT YOU ARE A SPINSTER, HARD AS THAT IS TO BELIEVE! WE GET THE DOPE ON ALL OUR PROSPECTS BEFORE WE GO TO







MUST SAY YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF
A PRIZE! AFTER ALL THE TIME I'VE
WAITED FOR A HUSBAND, I RATE A
BETTER ONE THAN YOU!



NEVER FEAR, DEAR LADY! I'M NOT
THE PRIZE! I'VE BEEN MARRIED A
LONG TIME AND I WAS JUST REST-
ING IN THIS CHAIR FOR A BIT! JUST
BRING YOUR TICKET
UP HERE WHILE THE
PRIZE COMES
OUT!



HH! HE'S
BIGGEUS!

IT'S THE WINNING
TICKET, ALL RIGHT!



HE'S ALL YOURS! YOU SEE, HE
THOUGHT IT WAS SO IMPOR-
TANT TO PROMOTE THE WORK
OF OUR SOCIETY, THAT HE
DONATED HIMSELF WITHOUT
A QUALM!



OUT OF THE SOCIETY'S FUNDS AND
THE RAFFLE MONEY, WE ARE GIVING
TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS AS
A WEDDING GIFT TO THIS WONDER-
FUL COUPLE!

GOSH... ALL THAT MAN...
AND MONEY, TOO!



OH, WELL—I'M
STILL NOT THE
TYPE WHO
NEEDS A
RAFFLE TO
WIN A HUS-
BAND!





Everyone considers Will Bragg a bust, but when he becomes a model for a famous sculptor, even the Hall of Fame isn't big enough to hold him—



SENSE! THIS IS PIN MONEY FOR A MAN
WILL SOON SPEARHEAD THE EXTEN-
ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN GRACIES'
PARTMENT STORE IS SPONSORING!

Y DON'T
SAY!

GRACIES' HAS HIRED A
WORLD-FAMOUS SCULPTOR
TO DO A HEROIC STATUE
OF ME FOR THEIR SPRING
PARADE! IT WILL BE
MOUNTED ON A
FLOAT AND SURROUNDED
BY GORGEOUS
BOWERS MODELS!

---UM---I MUST
BE OFF---I DON'T
WANT TO BE
LATE FOR MY
SITTING!

YEAH,
BRAGG--
RUN ALONG
TO YOUR
USUAL PARK
BENCH FOR
YOUR SITTING!



SCOFF IF YOU LIKE! YOU'LL
SEE--I'LL BE THE BIGGEST
THING IN TOWN WHEN
THIS THING BREAKS!

TELL
US
MORE!

MR.
AMERICA!
HA! HA!

Later--



GET A LOAD OF WILL
FLANNIGAN! WHO'S
HIS PAL?

MUST BE
THAT FAMOUS
SCULPTOR!
BUT I'LL BET
HE'S ONLY A
CHISELER--IF
HE HANGS
AROUND
BRAGG!



SO LONG, HENRI!
I'LL BE AT YOUR
STUDIO AGAIN
TOMORROW AT
THREE SHARP!

OUT,
MONSIEUR
BRAGG! AU
REVOIR!

WHA-- LET'S CORNER
BRAGG AT MRS. MAHOULA-
HAN'S BOARDING HOUSE
AND SEE WHAT HE'S
REALLY UP
TO!



THERE YOU ARE, YOU
LOAFER! I SUPPOSE
YOU DON'T HAVE
ANY RENT MONEY
YET!

NOW, NOW, MRS.
MAHOULAHAN!
LET US GO INSIDE--
WHERE I WILL INFORM
YOU OF OUR MUTUAL
GOOD FORTUNE!





Next afternoon --



The day of the parade...



ALASKAN ALIEN

The rugged Alaskan coastline emerged from the mists as the flight of Blackhawks approached it.

The lead ship Blackhawk began his letdown to the airport at the base of the Hughes Mountain.

"This is our first stop, boys," he called over inter-ship phone. "No use calling the tower," he added. "The army pulled out of here months ago."

"Zen why are we stopping here," Andre asked.

"In our survey of Alaskan defenses," Blackhawk answered, "we want to know the facilities in all fields, in case we have to reactivate them in a hurry."

Blackhawk circled the field, noticing the wind direction from the tattered windsock on the tower. Peeling off, the Blackhawks landed in rapid succession and taxied to the cement apron in front of operations.

In a matter of seconds they climbed from their ships to stretch their cramped muscles. "We may as well remain over night here," Blackhawk said. "By the time we get our work done it will be too late to go on. Chop Chop, you and I will get out our gear and make camp while the rest of us take a look around."

"You betcha," the cheery Chinese said, grinning.

"Throw a couple of steaks on the fire for me," Chuck said lightly. "This air makes me hungry."

"You lucky to get beans," Chop Chop retorted.

The banter between the two was cut short by the sharp crack of a rifle shot. All the Blackhawks tensed, their hands unconsciously reaching for their sidearms.

"It sounded as if it came from inside the operations building," Blackhawk said. "Andre, you come with me—the rest of you stay with the ships until we find out what's going on."

Blackhawk and Andre raced to the building while the others deployed themselves by their aircraft.

Gun in hand, Blackhawk kicked open the door and, being covered by Andre, stepped inside.

Facing them in the center of the room was a

squat, thick-set man in the wrinkled uniform of a U. S. Army sergeant. Lying a few paces in front of him was a bearded old man. In his arms the uniformed man cradled a carbine.

"What's going on," Blackhawk demanded.

"I had to shoot him," the sergeant replied thickly. "It was self-defense: the old buzzard went crazy and tried to kill me."

"I thought this field was abandoned," Blackhawk said suspiciously.

"Not yet," the sergeant said. "There is still some equipment here worth salvaging. I am Sergeant Russel of Air Materiel, acting as a guard until we can move it out."

"Who was the old one," Andre asked.

"He's a trapper who lived near here. He used to visit me."

"I don't know what happened to him," Russel said. "Just as you taxied up he came at me with a knife."

"You could have disarmed him without killing him," Blackhawk observed coldly.

"I was scared," the short man said sullenly. "I lost my head. I didn't mean to kill him."

"Andre," Blackhawk said, "call in the others. We can at least give the old fellow a decent burial."

Later, as the Blackhawks came soberly back to operations, Chuck caught up with Blackhawk and said quietly, "There's something funny about that sergeant's story. That old trapper was shot in the back."

"I know," Blackhawk said, "but right now I don't want to arouse his suspicions. We'll be on our guard."

Stanislaus fell in step on Blackhawk's other side. "Look at this oil on my hands," he said, holding out greasy palms. "It came off the old man's boots."

"Sure," Chuck broke in, "all woodsmen oil their boots. It preserves the leather."

"I know, Chuck," Stanislaus said impatiently. "The point is, they generally use animal oil—this is petroleum."

"Maybe he ran out of the other," Chuck suggested.

"Perhaps," Blackhawk said, "but it is something else to think about."

When their return Sergeant Russel seemed

eager to make amends for his fatal blunder. From his stores he obtained oats and furnished Olaf and Chop Chop prepared into an excellent meal.

After dinner the sergeant built a roaring fire in the iron stove, taking the chill from the weather-beaten building. But later Chuck grew restless and set out for a walk before turning in.

On his way back he came upon a small building from which a sliver of light shone through curtained windows. Creeping silently to the window, Chuck heard the unmistakable whine of a dynamotor, a device used to generate power for a radio transmitter.

He listened intently as the rhythmic clicking of a telegraph key sounded faintly from inside the shack. He stayed until the generator was switched off; then, with a quick look at the aerial overhead, he stole quietly back to the operations building.

Strolling into their barracks, he asked, "Where's Sergeant Russell?"

"He went on his inspection tour," Hendrickson informed him, "right after you left. It's funny you didn't see him."

"I believe I heard him," Chuck said. "He was using a radio transmitter this evening and the aerial was beaming the broadcast due west."

"I couldn't get what he was sending, since I wasn't familiar with the code. I'll bet it was worth hearing, though," he added.

"Good work, Chuck," Blackhawk said. "Your restlessness has added to our case against Russell. I think we'd better go into action. I've already sent Olaf and Chop Chop to take the first watch at the ships but we'll have to relieve them in about an hour."

"Before we do that," he continued, "I want you three to keep Russell here until Chuck and I return. We have some business that should have been taken care of right after we landed."

A short time later the stocky sergeant dropped in to see how the Blackhawks were faring. Blackhawk and Chuck nodded to the others and stepped from the room.

Russel looked after them questioninglly but his face cleared when Andre said, "Zey are going to see how our other comrades are . . . the two who guard ze planes."

"Oh," Russel said, "you didn't have to bother about that. We're miles from any where and I doubt if the wild life would touch them."

"All ze same," Andre persisted, smiling thinly, "we take no chances wherever we are. One lives longer that way."

Within an hour Blackhawk and Chuck returned and Russel left almost immediately, apparently for his quarters.

"What news, Blackhawk?" Andre asked.

"Chuck got through to Washington on Russel's radio and we checked with the Army. There is no Sergeant Russell stationed at this field."

"But the equipment," Hendrickson asked, "isn't there a guard here for that?"

"No," Blackhawk replied, "all the equipment here was left because it was cheaper to replace it than fly it out."

"So, confirming our suspicions," Blackhawk continued, "Russel is a fraud—possibly a murderer. We still have to discover his real purpose here."

"Here, Andre," Blackhawk went on, handing him a sheaf of papers, "you're a linguist, along with being an expert on codes. Perhaps you can unravel the meaning of those papers we found in Russel's desk in the radio room."

"Mais oui, mon ami," Andre said, riffling through them. "I will get to work immediately."

Suddenly the door sprang open, revealing the figure of Russel, a hard look on his face and a submachine gun in his hands.

"You know a little too much," he growled. "I'll take those code papers of mine."

Andre tossed the packet of papers to him with a shrug. "Zey will do you no good," he said.

"As soon as I open up this machine gun," Russel said unpleasantly, "you won't be worrying about that." He swung the muzzle up and tightened his finger on the trigger.

The Blackhawks tensed, but in the next instant the stocky man's knees buckled and he collapsed to the floor.

Standing over him was Chop Chop, who was now replacing his cleaver, tucking it in his waistband.

"Chop Chop arrive in nick of time," the small Chinese said. "Come back to see why new guards not come. Plenty cold out there."

Next morning Andre pushed a stack of papers across the table toward Blackhawk.

"Eat on all here," he said. "When ze Air Force abandoned zees field Russel, a foreign agent, was placed here to spy on our Alaskan defenses. He had a light plane, fitted with cameras to photograph our installations. Evidently ze old trapper wanted to communicate with ze outside world after he found, as Russel noted in his log book, a pool of surface oil near his cabin. Russel probably shot the trapper to avoid exposure."

"Good work, Andre," Blackhawk said. "By working together, we can keep traitors like Russel from learning our country's secrets for use against us."

EZRA

THE MYSTERY
SONGSTRESS
IS MY DATE!
I SAW HER
FIRST!

NO, THE MYSTERY
SONGSTRESS IS
MINE! I BROUGHT
HER!

THE MYSTERY
TO ME IS, WHAT
DO THEY SEE IN
HER?



HI, EZRA!
HI, ROLLO!

SALUTATIONS,
KNUCKLEHEADS!



SAY, MYRNA, HOW
ABOUT GOING TO THE
SCHOOL DANCE WITH
ME NEXT SATURDAY?

OH, EZRA,
I'M SORRY—
YOU SEE,
DEAN
ASKED
ME—

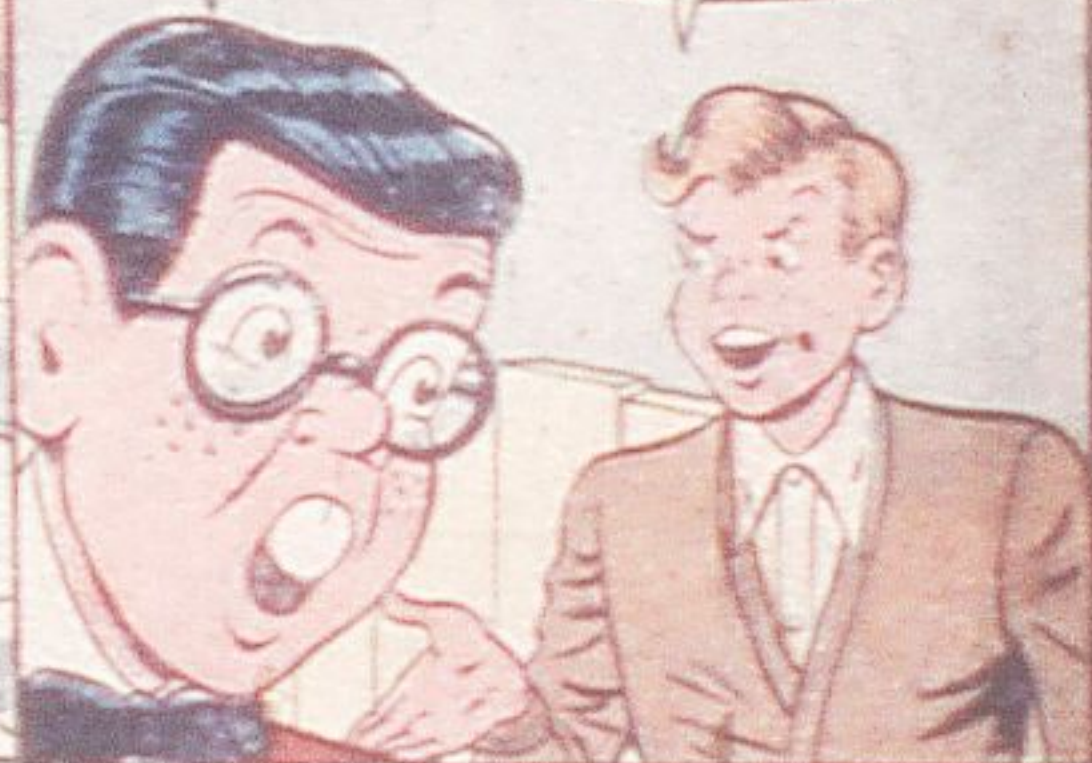


TURN YOURSELF INTO A BREEZE AND BLOW, MYSTICIAN! SHE HAS A DATE WITH ME!

WHY, YOU SQUARE!

WELL, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FAST BRUSH!

IT BEATS ME HOW A SLICK CHICK LIKE MYRNA CAN GO OUT WITH A SLOW DRIP LIKE DEAN DILSBURY, JR.!



QUIT BEATIN' YOUR GUMS, CRUM! SEEMS TO ME THE ONLY WAY TO GET DILSBURY AWAY FROM MYRNA IS TO DANGLE **BIGGER BAIT** IN FRONT OF HIM!

WHAT D'YA EXPECT ME TO DO? SHOW UP AT THE DANCE WITH THE MYSTERY SONGSTRESS?

WHO IS THE MYSTERY SONGSTRESS?

LISTEN EVERY NIGHT AT 8:00 - STATION WOOD!



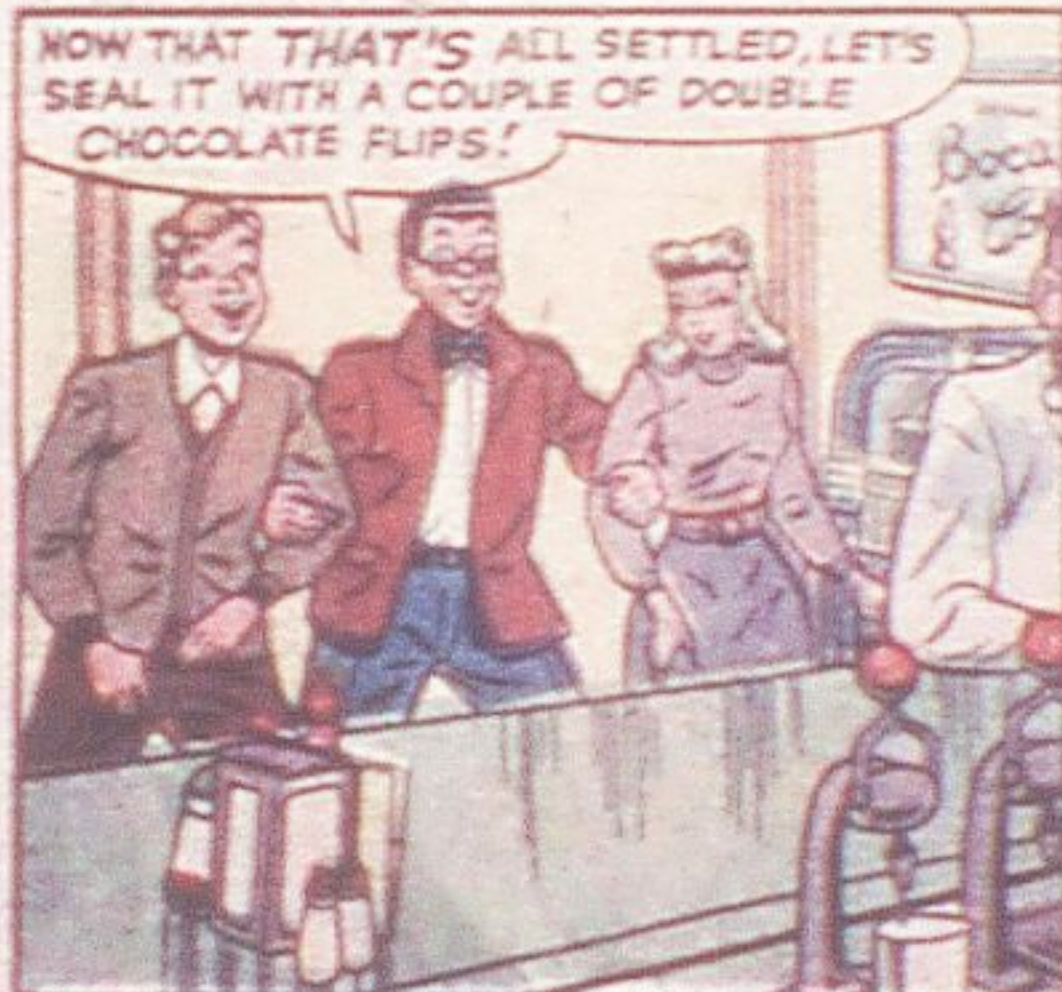
YIPES! THE GOON HAS AN IDEA!

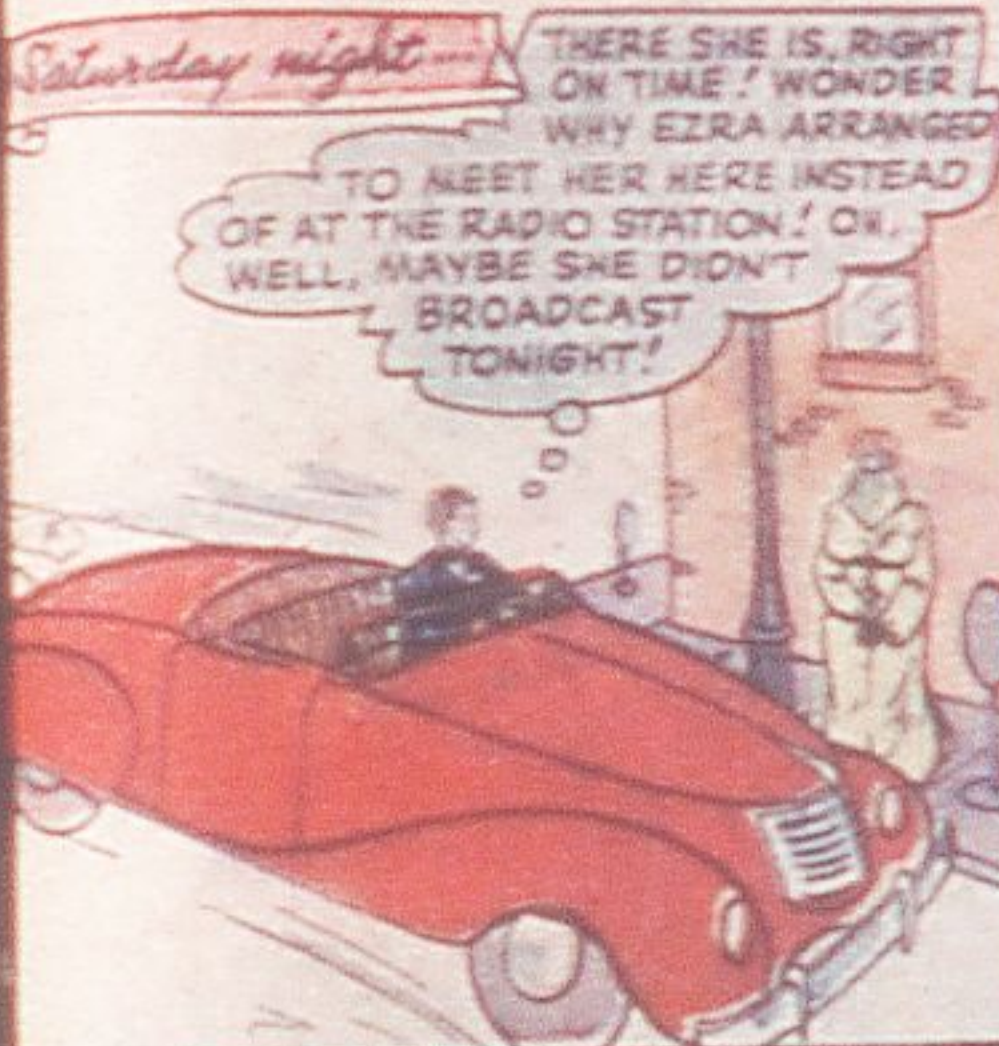
HUH? YOU'RE NUTS!

YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS, PAL, WHEN THE MYSTERY SONGSTRESS SHOWS UP **IN PERSON!** JUST LEAVE IT TO LI'L ROLLO!











YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

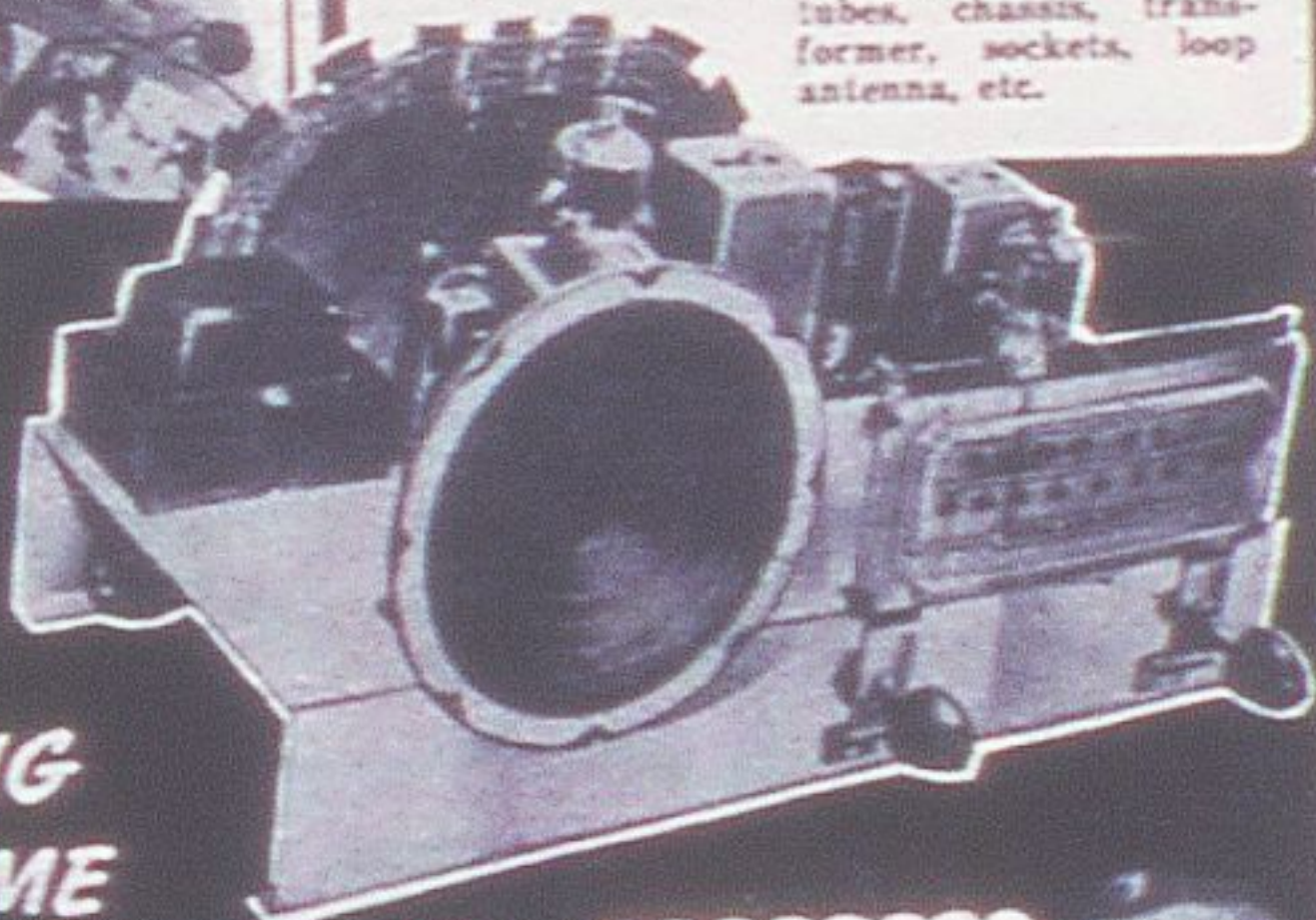


YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



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